

THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Song of the Dying.

Disease had well nigh done its work—the flame but glimmered in the socket—one moment more, and it would be out. The dying girl called, by her waving hand, her sister to her, and faintly breathed forth the wish that she would sing—sing some sweet melody, that she might leave earth with the tones of inspiring music on the ear. “And what dear sister, would you choose for me to sing?” “Sing Harriet my favorite—I leave earth willingly,” said the dying girl. The sister well knew her choice, and she sat down to the instrument and brought forth its softest, sweetest tones; they were indeed born of heaven, never had music a holier influence than when it breathed forth the elevated thoughts of a dying one, dying in the beauty of her youth, and yet willing to depart. We look on her with sacred awe we felt we were in the presence of a being of another world, who was soon to know the mystery of death. What a calm and beautiful expression was on her countenance! What a glow was on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, as the notes of the favored song rose sweet and clear, and seemed to float around the couch of the dying! Oh! is not that religion worth possessing, that enabled her to wear a heavenly smile at the last moment, and show that she felt the words that were uttered, though she could not speak them! and she died as the sister repeated—

“I would not live always away from my God
Away from heaven that blissful abode.”
There was much to wean thee away, fair sister
Of the gentle speech and tender eye! “Storm
after storm” did indeed “rise dark o’er thy way,”
and heaven was fairer to thee than earth.
And when the pale conqueror cometh to bear me
from this shadowy world my sweet cheerfulness
be mine and some gentle one to sing me to death’s
sleep as thou wert. Sweet sister! we part from
earth’s melody, for the purer and nobler harmonies
of heaven! The strains that greet us as we
linger on the shores of mortality are not the last
for their harps and voices in that home that awaits
us all, and everlasting songs will be sung to the
praise of our Father and our God.

A Prairie Scene.

The following incident, described by the editor of the *Picayune*, occurred during the Santa Fe expedition in Mexico.

“We were descending a gentle slope when suddenly a buffalo came dashing by, closely pursued by an Indian mounted upon a small but beautiful forced horse, of fine action and short but quick and firm stride. He was armed with a lance, dressed in a tight buckskin shirt, and his long black hair, although partially confined by a yellow band about his head, was floating gently in the breeze. Close by was another Indian, and both were in such hot pursuit of the buffalo that, although within twenty or thirty yards, they did not appear to notice our Jersey wagon, notwithstanding it must have been a novelty.

“Los Indios!” said Mr. Navarro, feeling about in the bottom of the carriage for our rifles.

“Camanches!” said Fitzharris, pummeling and kicking the mules into all-assorted and most unseemly gallop.

“The whole tribe!” said I, as I looked out the hind end of the wagon and saw still another Indian dashing down the hill with the speed of the wind and, as I then thought making directly for us.

It is no use denying that we were all suddenly taken with a strong fit of the hurry to get at our rifles and prepare for an attack.—The trail of the advance was directly ahead, and the buffalo with its pursuers were running parallel and within a few yards of us. They, however, bent us in the race, and just as we were turning a little point of the hill which concealed our men from sight, the sharp report of two or three rifles convinced us that success was near if needed and that all danger was over.

The Indians chased the buffalo directly in our encampment, where it was shot dead by Lt. Scott. The pursuers immediately turned, and fled, eluding a party of our men who were sent out after them. From the time we first saw them until the buffalo was killed and they were out of sight did not occupy five minutes, but there was a common life time of excitement in the scene.

Fascinations of this life.

We have come to the conclusion that there are still things in this world worth living for, and for the benefit of all grumblers, we shall here mention a few of them.

It is perfectly delightful, when doing the amiable and affecting the graceful in a ball room, for a clumsy dancer to drop his heavy lead upon our tenderest corn. You can’t swear, you can’t stamp, and all you can do is to “grin and bear it.”

It is especially agreeable to find a loathing acquaintance to be in possession of your morning paper, and to sit trying to be civil while the said loathing friend deliberately spells over the advertisements.

Nothing can exceed the gratification of having a wag next you loosen the top of the pepper castor, so that when your plate is supplied and arranged in exact accordance with the precise notions of your palate, needing nothing more than seventeen grains of pepper, you may dash the whole contents of the cruet on to your dish.

There is a peculiar satisfaction, during a long spell of heavy rain, in trying to remember who it was that borrowed your umbrella the week before.

A very fascinating delight lies in having a drunken barber seam your cheeks and chin with graceful scars and gashes, to be fancifully closed with court plaster.—N. O. *Picayune*.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MORMON CHURCH.—The Telegraph states that a portion of the Mormons have issued a manifesto declaring the Church to be dissolved on account of its rejection of Rigdon as its divinely appointed leader. The elements of discord and dissension are successfully at work in the community at Nauvoo; and it is not unlikely that the total dissolution of the Church will be the consequence.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night’s profound gloom and say if you can, “There is no God!”—Pronounce that dread blasphemy and each star will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who then unrolled that scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleamings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth—with its perpetual cooling waters, and its expanse of island and main?—Who settled the foundation of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned, amid the banners of the storms the voice of thunders, and unchained lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in their gloom?

Who gave the eagle safe eyrie where the tempest dwells and least strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan?—Who made thee, oh Man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect and form? Who made light pleasant to thee, and the darkness covering it, a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of the sinews and limbs? The irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love?

And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of earth are calmed! Are there no floods, that man is not swept under a deluge? They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better than the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were configured by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than that one soul should be lost, while mercy kneels and prays for it beneath the Altar of Intercession.

NEVER DO IT.—Never ask the age of a married lady when she passes the age of five-and-twenty.

Never show your protested bill to a man, who wants to borrow money from you.

Never expose your poverty to a rich relation, if you would have him treat you as a cousin.

Never absent yourself from church, if you have any thoughts of marrying a rich widow with a religious turn of mind.

Never omit to boast of being a good shot—a candle-snuffer at ten paces—when in the society of bucks of blood, if you have any antipathy to fighting a duel.

Never let it come to the ears of a rich and childless relative that you secretly pray for his sudden and premature dissolution.

Never tell a man he’s a cursed fool; in the first place, he won’t believe you, and in the next place you make him your enemy.

Never attempt to quiz a man in company who might retort by kicking you down stairs.

Never let your friend know, when you drop in to take a friendly dinner with him that your landlady “blocked the game” on you, because you had not paid her your last week’s board.

Never impose secrecy to a man to whom you communicate anything in confidence; he is sure to tell it to some friend if you do.

Never take a newspaper without paying for it; it’s the shabbiest act you could possibly be guilty of.

SARAH-NADE.

Vake, lady, vake!—the moon are high;
The twinklin’ stars is beamin’
Vile now and then across the sky
A me-te-or am streamin’!

Vake, lovely von!—the bull-frog’s note
Are heard in yon bullrushes,
And the varlin’ tree-toad swells his throat,
Singin’ in those ere bushes!

Vake, Wenus, mine!—the vipperville
Sings on that fence-rail yonder,
Vile the owl pipes forth his bootin’ shrill—
(Vy don’t she vake, I vander!)

So softly on the grassy lea
The moon his beams is pourin’,
The stars looks down and vinks at me—
(By gosh! if Sal ain’t snorin’!)

Vake, Sally, vake! and look on me—
Avake, quite ————’s daughter!
If I’ll have you—and you’ll have me—
(By Mrs!—who throw’d that vater!)

Oh! cruel Sal!—I so to slight—
(Here comes that bull dog now!)—
“Bow-ron!” Oh, oh!—he’s got a bite!
Alas! “Bow-ron!” Oh, O! O!

RESIST HABITS.—The bearded Russian no matter what influence he may derive from his wealth, is still a gross barbarian. His odor is insupportable—arising from a variety of causes, but chiefly from the vapor bath, which he is so fond of, and which he enjoys at a heat sufficient to cook a fish.—The steaming results of this, considering the nature of his diet, may be faintly guessed at.

He eats large quantities of the rank hempseed oil, either as a soup or in a pastry his buckwheat or his vegetables, during the fast, which lasts half the year. But the principle bulk of his food is the fermented cabbage, and the sour black bread which is scarcely more nourishing than bran. Something of the essence of all these things seems to stream through his pores with the perspiration.

OLD NOAH of New York says:—“Don’t be in a hurry to pop the question, young gentlemen. A friend of ours courted a lady twenty eight years and then married her.—She turned out to be a perfect virgin, but died in less than two years after her wedding:—“Now,” said our friend in a self congratulating tone, “see what I escaped by long courtship!”

SMILES.—The ladies have many kinds.—There is the smile of coincidence of opinion—the smile of encouragement when we are attempting some thing difficult—the smile of approbation when it is done—the smile of amused fancy at our conversation—the smile of hope if we venture to aspire.—But the great smile—the smile imperial—is that which says, plainer than words you have won me! That smile never leaves the memory even after she who gave it has mouldered in the tomb.—Boston Post.

THE name of William J. Graves, THE MURDERER OF CILLEY, stands at the head of the Clay Electoral ticket in Kentucky. This is very proper—“like master, like man.”

LETTER FROM RIO JANEIRO—AUGUST 1, 1844.

OUTRAGE ON THE AMERICAN FLAG—AN INSULT TO THE AMERICAN NATION—AN AMERICAN VESSEL ABANDONED TO THE BRITISH—ARRIVAL OF CAPT. DUMAS.

To the *Journal do Commercio*, Rio Janeiro:—Sir—I hope that one of your columns will be open for the article hereunder, which must be seen by the whole world. By inserting it you will oblige, not only your humble servant, but the American nation. Your most obedient, P. C. DUMAS.

On the second day of June, at one o’clock in the afternoon, the English man-of-war brig *Alert* was lying to, at anchor, five miles off Cobinda. Her boat came alongside manned by two officers, one boy and four negro sailors, (called crewmen.) The captain of the *Alert*, Mr. Bosanquet, (after I told him that the brig was the *Cyrus*, of New Orleans, and visited once by him by force, to save himself the trouble to visit my vessel twice, and at the same time asked him who he was, and to show me a power from my government to visit me,) answered, putting his hands on his flag—“This tells me who I am,” and said to me—“I will come on board and you will see.” “Very well, sir; a protest shall be made for violating the treaty.” The moment he got on deck with his officers and crew, he ordered his men to open my hatches, fore and aft—went down himself with his company, and came on deck after he found that the vessel had nothing but water ballast, (nothing else,) then came towards me, and said, in a rough manner, “I want to see your papers.” My answer was in the same tone—“Since, when a man like you, takes the liberty to jump on board of an American vessel, against the captain’s will, opening hatches, searching the cabin, and all over the ship, without speaking a word to me, please tell me who you are? You are not in uniform; any pirate can come to an anchor like your brig, and send a boat with an English flag, as you do—please show me a power to visit me—then, on the spot, I will show you my papers.” He said, “I have it, but it is on board.” “Well, go and get it.” “My word is good enough.” I said that I was not obliged to believe him; then again he asked for my papers. “You shall not see them.” “Well, if you don’t show me your papers I shall take you to be a pirate, and from this moment I take charge of the brig.”

My answer was—“As long as that flag is hoisted and my papers on board, I shall have command of my own ship; or if you wish to take charge of her you must send for more force, or order your brig to come along side and fire into me, until I am killed, holding the ensign aloft in my hands.” During the conversation, I held the log-book in my left hand; then, thinking I would show my papers quicker, he said to me—“The reason why you cannot show me the papers is because you have sold your vessel—I was told so.” “It is not true; if my vessel was sold I would not have the American flag up; I nor my crew would not be on board now.” Vexed to find that he could not succeed in any way, he then said—“Well, I will go in the cabin and make search all over.” Immediately I placed the American flag before the cabin door, which was held tight by myself, the mate and two of my men; and I observed to him that he could not “step into the cabin without trampling on the United States flag.” His answer was, that “it made no difference to him;” and he instantly rushed into the cabin, followed by his officer and a negro, who trampled the flag under their feet in presence of my crew. Then I said—“Boys, our flag is insulted; it will cost dear to the English nation!” They all came on deck, and the captain told me to let him have my log-book. My answer was—“Never! and as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins no British subject would take it away from me.” Then he observed that he had “the power to obtain it by force;” at the same time he ordered one of his negroes to take the book from me, who obeyed the order given him. I stepped back, pushing the negro, and called to my mate and crew to assist me, and to arm themselves with handspikes and knives, and be ready to strike, in case the British officer gave a new order. At this the British officer turned pale, and with the voice of a coward, said to me—“Captain, stop your men; I do not wish to see any bloodshed or butchery; then nothing took place. He wanted to go into the cabin to make a second search. I observed to him that “my papers were on board in my trunk,” and showed him the key. He said—“let me have the key, or I will take it by force.” My answer was—“Have you forgotten what took place for the log-book before? Do you wish to begin again?” Then he said—“I will go in the cabin and have your trunk broken open.” I gave him no answer. He sent his officer and negro to act. I followed them with my mate. They broke the trunk and took the papers out of it. I observed to the officer that I had money in my trunk, a gold watch, &c. He made no answer, and we all went on deck. He handed the papers to his captain. I then told him “Now, you are satisfied with your *chef d’œuvre*, please to give me my papers, as I wish to sail to-morrow.” “No, sir, I will keep them with me, and pocket them and go off.” I then said to him—“As long as my papers are taken away from me, I shall have to leave my vessel;” and thereupon me and my crew abandoned her, leaving every thing on board; trunks, instruments, chronometers, &c.

P. C. DUMAS.

U. S. CONSULATE, RIO JANEIRO.
I, the undersigned, Consul of the United States, hereby certify the signature of the foregoing document to be that of P. C. Dumas, late master of the American brig *Cyrus*, of New Orleans.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 5th day of August, 1844.

(Seal.) GEORGE W. GORDON,
—N. Y. Herald. Consul, United States.

The insolent conduct of this British officer will certainly not be justified by his own Government. If we remember rightly, the same officer was charged some months ago with having fired a musket into a Philadelphia brig, and otherwise behaving insolently. It is time that this overbearing conduct received a check.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

MARK THAT.—Every old Federal newspaper in Massachusetts which opposed the war, now supports Mr. Clay for President. So says the Boston Post.

THE SENTINEL.

Cadiz, October 30, 1844.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

ANOTHER FEDERAL TRICK EXPOSED!!!
Roorback in Michigan!

Just on the eve of the State elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, the cunning, but infamous federal coons, got up the story a *la Roorback*, that the Democrats of Saginaw county, Michigan, had nominated James G. Birney, the Liberty candidate for President as a candidate for the Michigan Legislature. This story was circulated on the wings of the wind, by the federal party, to make the Abolitionists believe that a coalition had been formed between the Democrats and the Abolitionists, and in consequence thereof, to induce the Abolitionists to support Mr. Bartley in Ohio, and General Markle in Pennsylvania. And no doubt but it had its effect. But it now appears that the nomination of Mr. Birney was brought about by the federal whigs, who thrust themselves into the Democratic primary meetings, so as to manufacture political capital thereby. The Detroit Free Press contains a long publication by the Democratic Corresponding Committee of Saginaw county, which fully exposes this “good enough Morgan” till after the election,” for which we regret we cannot find room. In publishing the *expose* of the corresponding committee, the Free Press adds:

“In addition to the above, we are informed that there was a so called “Democratic” convention held at Saginaw—that whigs for the mischievous purposes which are now unfolded, introduced themselves into the primary town meetings which appointed delegates and went for those who would go for Birney, under pretence that he would benefit the county in some local interest, and that they thus secured him a quasi nomination by a majority of one vote. We learn also that the Democrats who were put in nomination for county officers by this mongrel convention immediately declined upon discovering the trick of the whigs, and because they would not run on the same ticket with Birney, who is considered the worst enemy of the Democratic party in that county.”

“We honor the Democrats of Saginaw for spurning such an association; for the Democratic party can have nothing to do with abolitionism, its candidates or its clamor. The abolitionists are natural allies of the whigs; they acted with them in 1840, and voted for John Tyler, a Virginia slaveholder, for Vice President; and we have no doubt they will just as readily and cordially support Henry Clay, a Kentucky slaveholder, now, in 1844.”

“To corroborate our information from Saginaw, that the whigs interfered to get Birney nominated as a “Democrat,” for the purpose of using it as evidence of “coalition between the localities,” we will state we know that letters were immediately written off by the PRIME MOVERS OF THE AFFAIR, TO WHIG EDITORS AT HOME AND ABROAD, TELLING THEM TO SPREAD THE NEWS AND CRY “COALITION.” &c. Letters to that effect were received at Cleveland written 24 hours after the affair took place at Saginaw!!!

“This ends the second edition of “Roorback’s travels” in Michigan. What will the poor whigs now do for political capital?”

What will they do? That’s a foolish question for a Democrat to ask! The coons can concoct a new Roorback story every day until the election, without doing the least violence to their consciences.

Whistling to Keep Courage up!

Reader, did you ever hear of boys whistling in passing by grave-yards, to keep up their courage? You have. Well, the condition of the poor coons at present is just the same as the boys! Although the Democracy are victorious, not only in the old Democratic States, but are also carrying many States that have heretofore gone for the federalists—yet the organs of that party are crowing over the result, for the purpose of inspiring a few more grains of Hope and Confidence into their deluded and deceived readers. The last Republican is huzzing for Pennsylvania, although, in the original, appropriate and stereotyped language of its editor, the whigs have been “routed horse, foot and dragons,” in the Keystone State. He also crows over the returns from Georgia, when he knows in his heart, that notwithstanding the State went for Gen. Harrison in 1840, yet now the Democracy have carried it by a majority of over 3,000, making the State certain for Polk and Dallas. He rejoices over the returns from Maine, another whig State in 1840, which is now Democratic by 12,000, and will give her electoral vote to Polk and Dallas by the same majority. He sings a song over the result in Delaware, another coon State in 1840, although the Democrats have elected their Inspectors by a majority of 47 votes, and the inspector’s election is always a test of party strength in that State. He is in ecstasies at the result in Indiana, another hard cider State in 1840, when he knows full well that the Democrats have the State on the popular vote by some 3,000, which loses her electoral vote to the murderer of the lamented Cilley. But why expose this truth-loving editor further?

Mortepiece states that in China the retailers of false news were severely punished. “Tis well the Republican editor is not a citizen of Tea Empire, or else his back would be running perpetual streams of blood! Poor fellow! let him go on in his work of deception—it is the only thing that keeps the party from disbanding, and retiring from the contest.

VOTE EARLY.

Remember the early bird catches the worm; Remember, also, the early ballot kills the coons!

MISREPRESENTATION.

The New York Sun, a neutral paper, says:—It is difficult in these times of political excitement to understand the true principles of candidates for high stations. We read in the partisan papers of the day, the assurance that the Hon. Mr. Clay is devoted to the present Tariff, and that under no circumstances will he consent to abandon a high protective Tariff, and that appears to be the general impression every where prevailing in this section of the country. On reading Mr. Clay’s last speech in the Senate, March 1842, on this highly absorbing topic, we find he uses the following frank and candid language:

“Let me not be misunderstood, says Mr. Clay, and let me entreat that I may not be misrepresented. I am not advocating the revival of a high protective tariff. I am for abiding by the principles of the Compromise act. I am for doing what no Southern man of a fair and candid mind has ever yet denied, giving to the country a revenue that may provide for the economical wants of the Government, and at the same time give an incidental protection to our home industry.”

We can conceive no greater act of injustice and unfairness, than to attribute to a distinguished candidate for office, sentiments and opinions directly the reverse of those he utters in the most public manner, on the floor of Congress. We find from the above that Mr. Clay abandons a high protective tariff, and goes in favor of the old Compromise act.

Cassius M. Clay on Annexation, in the years 1837 and ‘38.

Some five or six years ago, it would seem, Cassius M. Clay did not entertain the strong repugnance to the annexation of Texas which he holds now. Then, he too would have been “glad to see it annexed.” Now, he is dead against Texas, and claims the votes of the Liberty party for Mr. Clay on the same ground.

We find in several of our exchanges, a series of resolutions introduced into the Kentucky Legislature by Cassius M. Clay, during its session of 1837-’38—embodying the very best of reasons why Texas ought to be a part of the confederacy, and why it should not be an independent and separate republic, all alone by itself. We copy them below, as we find them, with the remark that they have been some weeks before the public, and have not, that we are aware, been doubted to be correct extracts from the legislative documents of Kentucky. The Rochester Advertiser refers to page 47 of the journals of the House of Representatives of Kentucky, as the source of them:

“WHEREAS the republic of Texas has declared herself Independent of the government of Mexico, and is now, *de facto*, in possession of the land claimed to be within her boundaries; and whereas she has, through her accredited minister plenipotentiary near the government of the United States of America, made formal proposals to be admitted into the Union of these States.

1. *Resolved*, be it resolved by the General Assembly of the commonwealth of Kentucky, that we look upon our Anglo-Saxon brethren of Texas with feelings of profound interest and sympathy.

2. *Resolved*, That we avow the right of two or more independent nations to unite themselves under one government for their natural protection and happiness, and that union is in accordance with the laws of nature and nations.

3. *Resolved*, That Texas being in possession of the territory claimed by her, and in a state of quietude, and under an organized government, and of right ought to be, an independent nation.

4. *Resolved*, That the power to receive “new States” into this Union is expressly by the constitution of the United States, and in accordance with the practice of our government.

5. *Resolved*, That the admission of “new States” into our Union has realized the anticipations of the most sanguine, and added increased strength and value to our federal government.

6. *Resolved*, That a confederated representative government, like that of the United States, is suitable to an indefinite space and population, and that experience warrants us in the assertion that a whole continent is not too large for its useful action.

7. *Resolved*, That the admission of Texas into this Union, is expedient and desirable, thereby diminishing the expenses of peace, and lessening the chances of war—giving us wealth and population at home, and elevating us among foreign nations.

8. *Resolved*, That we are vitally attached to the Union of these States, and look with pride to their legitimate extension, “north” or “south,” and that we deem their dissolution the greatest possible political calamity.

9. *Resolved*, That we are not unconscious of the difficulties touching this great question at home and abroad; that we would sacrifice much for amity at home, but stand upon the firm ground of natural & national rights, we defy dictation from abroad, and will meet the result as becomes a free people.

10. *Resolved*, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded by the Governor to our Representatives and Senators in Congress, and the President of the United States.

This, then, was the position of this famous emancipationist, and Anti-Texas whig advocate of Mr. Clay, before parties divided on this great national question, and before Mr. Clay came out—on both sides of it. It is a curious and interesting problem, which we leave others to solve, how this change of views was brought about, and why it is that C. M. Clay supports his great relative on grounds the very opposite of those he assumed in ’37-’38, and the opposite of the latter’s latest avowal—“glad to see it.”—*Alb. Arg.*

A new trade with Africa.

Several vessels have left Liverpool for the western coast of Africa, with sealed instructions, to be opened in a certain latitude; and each carrying an experienced practical chemist, furnished with tests for ascertaining the real qualities and composition of ores and salts. The destination of these vessels, probably the pioneers of a new traffic, is understood to lie between the 20th and 30th degree of latitude on the western coast, and their object, the discovery of certain suspected veins of copper, lead, iron, or gold stated to exist about forty miles from the sea coast, and in a rich and fertile country.

POST THE BOOKS.

It may be cheering to the Democracy to examine the account with the Whigs occasionally. The Whigs have published so many ridiculous and false estimates of the electoral vote, that an occasional posting of the account with them becomes necessary. The elections in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Georgia have just terminated. All of these States, except Pennsylvania, were claimed, with much confidence, by the Whigs for Mr. Clay. The result of the elections just held shows, at least, that Georgia must be transferred from Clay to Polk. There is now no more doubt of Georgia than there is of New Hampshire. In Ohio the result is so close, that no candid man of either party can claim it confidently. But the condition of the Whigs and Natives in Philadelphia will induce, we believe, every naturalized citizen of Ohio to vote the Democratic ticket. In that case the State of Ohio will cast her vote for Polk and Dallas.

We give the following estimate, from which our readers may judge of the probable result:

CERTAIN FOR POLK.	
Maine.....9	Alabama.....9
New Hampshire.....7	Mississippi.....6
Pennsylvania.....26	Louisiana.....6
New York.....36	Illinois.....9
Virginia.....17	Missouri.....5
South Carolina.....9	Michigan.....5
Georgia.....10	Arkansas.....3

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Nineteen more than is necessary to a choice.

PROBABLE FOR POLK.	
Tennessee.....13	Maryland.....8
Indiana.....12	Delaware.....4
North Carolina.....11	Ohio.....23

70
CERTAIN FOR CLAY.

Massachusetts.....12	Rhode Island.....8
Vermont.....6	Connecticut.....6

28
PROBABLE FOR CLAY.

Kentucky.....12	New Jersey.....8
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20
It is admitted by Mr. Clay himself, that his success is problematical in Kentucky. A change of less than two thousand votes from Whiggery to Democracy, would defeat Mr. Clay in his own State. The friends of Henry Clay in Kentucky are carefully watching the movements of his nephew, Cassius M. Clay, in his attempt to win over the Abolitionists. Our friends in Kentucky have strong hopes of the State; and we believe they are well founded; yet, as the Whigs are sanguine of success there, we have considered the State as probable for Clay.

Indiana we have classed as probable for Polk; but we will say to our readers that our friends in that State have no doubt of the result; they say it will go for Polk by thousands.

We have no doubt of the election of Polk by a large majority, both of the popular and electoral vote. We are satisfied of another fact, and we think the popular vote of each State will show it. That is, in all the States in which the issue on all the great questions, the Bank, Tariff, and Annexation, have been fairly made the Democratic party will make a large gain; and we will only lose in those States in which the issue has been fairly understood or misrepresented.—*Plebeian*.

HENRY CLAY, A MORAL AND POLITICAL TRAITOR.—Henry Clay commenced life a Democrat, he turned traitor to the Democratic party.

He turned Whig, and then became a traitor to the Whig party; for on the authority of Daniel Webster in 1833, he abandoned the principles of Protection.

He is a traitor to his private friends. General Harrison said solemnly, that he had loaded him with benefits and been repaid with the blackest ingratitude.

He is a traitor to the laws of God, and man, for he has always been a duelist, and has repeatedly shown a willingness to shed the blood of a fellow-creature on the field of honor.

He is a traitor to the decencies of public and private life. He profanely cursed the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the floor of Congress. The unblushing confessor of all these treasons, shall the TRAITOR be raised to the highest office in the gift of the nation?

MILLERISM.

The Louisville Courier gives the annexed account of a recent scene in that city:

TRAMENDOUS EXCITEMENT—IMMENSE CROWD at the “BIG TENT”—CONVERTS—CHURCHES DESERTED—WEeping and PRAYING.—The excitement in this community, in regard to Millerism, is much greater than we had supposed—much greater than one who has not visited the “Big Tent” could imagine. The scene presented there on Sunday night, was certainly a very remarkable one. The immense tent was filled with thousands of persons, every seat and spot of ground being occupied, and still thousands had to go away unable even to get inside. The churches throughout the city were almost entirely deserted, so eager were all to hear the doctrines held by Miller and his followers expounded. Among the vast assembly in the great tent, we noticed people of every profession, and every class of society. The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the aristocrat, the democrat, preachers, saints and sinners, men, women, children and “niggers” all crowded and jammed together, and almost suffocated with the dust, heat and smoke.

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